

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1106.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1838.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Seven Weeks in Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Piedmont, Savoy, &c. By John Roby, Esq. M.R.S.L. author of the "Traditions of Lancashire," &c. &c. 12mo. 2 vols. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

WE had hoped, long before this, to have met the author of the "Traditions of Lancashire" on other and English ground; to have seen Cheshire, or some adjacent county, as pleasantly and interestingly illustrated by his pen and pencil. But he has chosen another course, and, in a flying trip to the Continent, shewn what may be done by method in preparing for, and activity in executing, a tour of this kind. Seven weeks so well employed, and so much use made of so short a time, it has hardly ever been our lot to discover.

The route is familiar; and, therefore, the novelties in such a publication must depend upon the talent and character of the writer. To us it seems that Mr. Roby has stamped a good deal of both upon his performance. Like the "Invalid," or the "Ennuyée," of former dates, he has thrown a colour of fancy over many common matters; and there is a degree of originality in his minuteness which is curious, even when not worth much in other respects, except, perhaps, as guidance to future travellers. It is, in fact, very like miniature painting; made up of particular touches. But there are, besides, many bits of fine description; light sketches, but marked by feeling for art and nature. For example, the descent into Italy.

"On emerging from this, the last dreary portion of our morning's travel, the valley of Fontana burst on our view. Heights verdant to the summit, crowned with spires and monasteries; vines festooning the trees, and trellises on every hand, covered with bloom and brightness. Almost every habitation surrounded with the choicest fruits. The last subterranean passage now passed, what a scene of enchantment burst on our view! Issuing from the very lap of horror and desolation, into a land basking in light and luxuriance, 'This is Italy!' escaped involuntarily from our lips. The balmy air, loaded with choicest perfumes; the bland, playful breeze, wafted from that sunny clime, so soft, so pure, so tender and voluptuous, that we not only saw, but felt, this was indeed Italy! Then the beautiful bridge of Crevalle came in view. There is something musically sweet, almost ecstatic, in the name. What a scene we now contemplated, and under what an aspect!—The bridge we looked down upon, with its wondrous arch, towering in lofty grandeur above the village. Its piers are one hundred feet from the base, and the intervening chasm three hundred or four hundred feet across. The fertile plain of Domo d'Ossola, several leagues in extent, stretched away far beyond the city, whose domes and spires were just visible. A stream of thick yellow light illuminated this magnificent valley, while, on our left, a chain of pyramidal mountains, many leagues distant, were girdled by a storm, that threw a lurid gloom on our path. Dark masses of shadow swept down from the skies, giving such glory and intensity to the light just de-

scribed—a flood of green and gold, brilliant as the hues of the diamond beetle.—that I shall never forget my first view of a land where 'all but the spirit of man is divine!'"

But this is towards the close of the journey; and we had better begin at the beginning, where a map and an amusing programme indicate the author's plan. We copy the latter.

	Miles.	Weather.	Moon.
"May 7. Home to London, one day	200		
8. Passports, &c.			
9. London to Ostend, about	130	Fair.	
10. Ostend to Ghent ..	43		
11. Ghent to Antwerp ..	33		
12. Antwerp to Brussels ..	30	Change.	Full O 3 P.M.
13. Brussels ..			
14. Waterloo, breakfast, dinner, &c.	97		
15. To Aix-la-Chapelle ..	30	Fine weather.	
16. To Cologne ..	30		
17. Ditto ..			
18. Up the Rhine, by steamer to Coblenz ..	63		
19. To Manheim, about ..	100		
20. To Carlsruhe ..	33		
21. To Strasburg ..	54		
22. Ditto ..			
23. Freyburg ..	55	Stormy.	
24. Stuhlingen, about ..	40		
25. Zurich ..	14		
26. Zug ..	21		
27. Lucerne and Alpnach ..	30	Change-able, but pleasant.	● Change 1.32 P.M.
28. Sarnen ..	33		
29. Over the Brunig ..	48		
30. Thun ..	15		
31. Ditto ..			
June 1. Lausanne ..	54		
2. Geneva ..	37	Stormy.	
3. Chamouni ..	53		
4. Ditto ..			
5. Over the Tête Noir to Martigny ..	30		
6. To Brig ..	135		
7. Domo d'Ossola ..	35	Electrical signs, with heavy showers.	Full O 10.45 P.M.
8. Lago Maggiore ..			
9. Ditto ..			
10. Milan, about ..	50		
11. Ditto ..			
12. Ditto ..			
13. Turin, about ..	100		
14. Ditto ..			
15. Chambéry, about ..	170		
16. Lyons ..	70		
17. Paris ..	220	Fair.	
18. Ditto ..			
19. Ditto ..			
20. Ditto ..	100		
21. Calais ..	120	Unsettled.	
22. London ..	120		
26. Home ..	200		
49 days ..	Miles 2682	● Change 4.20 A.M.	

Odd as this may appear, the following is an odder circumstance, which see above, June 5.

"Whilst resting and enjoying our cheer, I surprised Ullaub, on shewing a sketch of my tour, given in the introductory chapter. On telling him I had fixed three or four months previously to cross the Tête Noire on this day, and at this very hour, he said it would serve him to tell and boast about all his life. He could not have thought it possible. 'But,' continued he, with great simplicity, 'I'm sure they not can believe me.'"

This is most bankerlike punctuality: and says much for the house in Rochdale! Having thus glanced from first to last, we shall now try to call out a few of the author's notices on the way. The following is worth knowing in Continental travel, and it may be nearer home, if true.

"A few drops of sweet spirits of nitre will effectually banish the *Cimex* species (*Anglice*, bugs) from your couch."

The start from the custom-house is, like a Calcott picture, in a few lines.

"It was a gray calm morning; the population were hardly astir; the river, with its wildness of masts, seemed hardly awake; and the very water, having been suffered to rest untroubled for a space, looked dull and drowsy."

In Prussia, Mr. R. remarks,—

"After about eight miles' travel, an hour and a half, we stopped at a mean-looking village hostlerie to bait and breakfast. We did not avail ourselves of the latter privilege. It was impossible not to notice the extreme beauty of ornamental papers on the walls; an exquisitely wrought and spirited hunting-scene round the room, nearly equal in effect to the finest painting, and probably copied from one; a great number of figures in the most varied and picturesque groups; even the countenances displaying all the expression which an artist could desire. Below the surbase were imitations of ancient bas-relief. On inquiry, I found this paper was made at Aix. With all our boasted superiority in arts and manufactures, we have not even approached to the elegance and style of this embellishment."

The whole of the soil seems laid out in crops—long narrow strips of almost every variety, side by side, probably the best mode of insuring what is called 'the alternation of crops;' it being hardly possible, with such narrow beds, that, on the next sowing, the same sort of seed should just hit upon the same surface as before. My theory, whether true or false, is precisely that of a well-known actor, who had fewer black silk stockings than holes in them. To save the trouble and expense of darning, he would put on two sets, with the observation, that 'the deuce was in it if one hole should just hit upon another.' I remember hearing of a Turkish admiral who adopted the same judicious theory. When asked the safest place on ship-board during a battle, he replied, 'where a ball has struck; for never, in my whole experience, have I seen the same place hit twice.'

In the yard of the collegiate church at Coblenz, is a ludicrous specimen of French experimental boasting, contrasted with the result. On a fountain, erected during their occupation, is the following inscription:—'L'an 1812 mémorable par la campagne contre les Russes, &c.' By another artist the following was added:—'Vu et approuvé par nous, commandant Russe de la place de Coblenz, le 1 Janvier, 1814.'"

From Switzerland we copy the tale of a fatal avalanche, the fall of the Roessberg, in 1806.

"One of the inhabitants, justly alarmed at the danger, hastily snatched up two of his children, and ran off, calling at the same time to his wife, who followed with a third; but she, with a mother's feelings, thinking nothing saved while one was lost, ran back to secure the fourth; Marianne, with whom the maid-servant, Francesca Ulrich, was, at the same instant, crossing the floor. In a moment, as the latter afterwards described, the house seemed to be torn from its foundations, and spun round

like a top. 'I was sometimes,' she said, 'on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and forcibly separated from the child.' When this violent whirling motion subsided, she found herself wedged in on all sides: her head downwards, much bruised, suffering extreme pain, and impressed with the belief that she was buried deep in the earth, and must there perish by a lingering death. Disengaging her right hand with much difficulty, and wiping the blood from her eyes, she heard the faint moans of the child. Calling to her by name, the little girl replied that she was held down on her back, and closely entangled among stones and bushes, but that her hands were free: she could perceive a glimmering light, and the appearance of something green. 'Will not some one come soon and take us out?' she cried. 'No!' said Francesca, 'it is the day of judgment; none are left to help us; but, when released by death, we shall be happy in heaven.' They then prayed together, when, suddenly, Francesca's ear caught the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg. Shortly after, the hour of seven was heard from another village; and, persuading herself that there was still something alive besides themselves, she endeavoured to cheer her fellow-prisoner, who was at first clamorous for something to eat, but soon became fainter and quiet, dropping, at length, apparently, into a profound sleep. Francesca, still in the same painful position, embedded in wet earth, felt a cold freezing sensation creeping through her whole frame. Eventually, after severe and repeated struggles, she succeeded in disengaging her limbs. Many hours had lingered slowly away, under these painful circumstances, when the voice of Marianne was again heard, crying bitterly, from the effects of cold and hunger. All this time the distracted father, who had saved himself and two children as if by miracle, continued wandering about, until, at daybreak, he discovered the ruins of his house; and, looking eagerly around him for some fatal relic of the disaster, observed a human foot projecting from the earth, and there found his unhappy wife, who had perished with the child in her arms. His cries of agony, as he laboured to disengage the body from the mass of ruins in which it was buried, were heard and answered by Marianne. After a moment's pause, at this unexpected salutation, his energies redoubled, the earth was removed, and his little daughter raised from the grave, but with one thigh broken, and otherwise bruised and hurt. Search for Francesca followed; but the difficulty was increased, by her making no answer to the voices that now strove to encourage her with the promise of speedy extrication. At length her rescue, also, was effected; but in such a weakened state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for several days; and remained, ever after, subject to violent fits of terror. The unhappy sufferers had been carried about fifteen hundred feet from the spot which the house had formerly occupied."

In the Canton of Berne, Mr. R. says—

"At this inn I saw, for the first time, a strange but laudable custom; several names, fairly written out, and hung up in a conspicuous place, attracted my notice. On inquiry, I found they were idlers and spendthrifts, literally 'posted,' to prevent them getting credit from the unwary. Our waiter said they were too much in debt already. They got drunk, thrashed their wives and children, with many other interesting accomplishments. This method is often found effectual, inasmuch as it prevents them from procuring what steals away their

brains; and sometimes fear and shame work a salutary reformation. Really, this plan deserves a trial in our own country. There is plenty of both room and occasion for an *extensive* experiment; but, in all likelihood an action, for libel might be sustained. Some pettifogging attorney would, doubtless, take up the matter *con amore*, or on the system of 'no cure, no pay;' and many a harassing and vexatious suit be the result. Verily, law is a great luxury, and, like other luxuries, unpleasantly expensive; yet there are few but what would put up with both wrongs and grievances rather than enjoy the blessings of our excellent and impartial administration of justice;—the same laws, or equal justice for both rich and poor; redress equally open to both.—'So is the London Tavern,' was Sheridan's witty reply to this boasted privilege."

At Avenches, the travellers were accosted by a strange person, who "began to enter into particulars about himself; said that he was detained here against his will by relatives—that he had written several times to the ambassador, but could get no relief. He was kept out of a large sum of money, &c. All this was told in a plausible, off-hand way; but, at length, he proceeded to say that he was the greatest inventor in the world, but, for lack of money, these inventions would inevitably be lost to mankind. He then put a slip of paper into my hand, written in tolerably good French; setting forth his claims in the following manner:—'I have been a traveller for eight years, and am without money. I have made 200 very useful and admirable inventions, and it is too bad to hold and detain a man as insane, who is the greatest inventor and philosopher that ever was in the whole world. But, because I am without money, and likewise there being no printer in Avenches, the inventions and the inventor are alike unknown. Therefore if intelligent and wealthy persons wish to know my inventions, they ought to supply me with money. The following are some of these:—To augment lands and produce double crops. To print three times more expeditiously than at present. To print in a short-hand. To do without chimney-sweepers. To make stockings in a few minutes, without a machine. To learn the greater part of any language in one day, or in a few days at most. To write all the words of all languages with a single letter!!! These inventions are so useful and surprising, that they ought to be enough to induce some generous person or persons to supply the inventor with money. Also, I will sell designs for roads:—From Lyons to Geneva by the Rhone, for 100 francs; Oxford to London by the Thames, 100 francs; Payerne to Avenches, for 20 francs; Avenches to Morat, for 20 francs; Morat to Berne, for 20 francs; to avoid the ascent to Avenches, for 20 francs. Also I am an A.B. of the University of Cambridge; and I have 60*l.* per annum in the English funds; and I will give, gratuitously, a design for an iron bridge over the Thames, under which ships will be able to pass, if the city of London will send to me, without delay, some of my money. My agent is J. Powles, attorney, Monmouth. I will also, for 20 francs, communicate a method of shaving without a razor. And if *M. les Voyageurs* will walk into the hotel, I will shew them some wonderful tricks by sleight of hand. T. PARSONS."

In Le Valois we are told of a delicious wine.

"A bottle was ordered at a venture. They had two or three sorts; amongst the rest, 'Asti.' The name took my fancy, and, a

tumbler being poured out, I cautiously sipped on trial. But such a superb gush of nectar never beforetime entered my lips.—Fancy a glorious ripe rich bunch of Frontignac grapes squeezed into your mouth, when you are particularly thirsty,—and, along with this flavour, all the coolness and piquancy of fermented liquor, you may have some faint notion of the *Vin d'Asti*. Probably, in consequence, we might increase our usual dose from a bottle to two, or even more; but these wines, in moderation, do not intoxicate. They exhilarate, certainly, but do not produce a subsequent depression. This same wine we punctually adhered to during our subsequent route; the price varying from one and a half to two francs per bottle. We found it in very great request; and, I fancy, not many years since it was brought into general notice. The grape is grown at and in the neighbourhood of Asti, twenty-five miles from Alessandria, and about forty from Turin, on the road to Genoa. Both red and white are made; the latter sparkling, and superior, in my opinion, to the best champagne. Since my return, I have made many inquiries about the practicability of procuring it in England; but, to my surprise, it is not known among the first merchants, though a cargo would easily be forwarded through Genoa. I am told, and, probably, with sufficient reason, the wine would not keep, nor stand a sea voyage."

As a companion-story, we take the following from Arnas, four posts from Lyons.

"Our hostess was in excellent humour: her board filled with guests; and I thought she would literally have embraced us ere we departed. She crammed a card into my hand: the following English travestie of its contents was printed opposite:—

'Hotel des Arnas,
Horses may be had,

'This hotel, situated at fourth miles of Lyons, road of Paris, hough le Bourbonnais, and at a distance nearer to Lyons than Tarare, is held by M. Pivault postkee-per, who respectfully informs the gentry and the travellers, that his rooms and saloons are well furnished, and have received some new embellishments. The gentlemen will find by him cleanliness and quickness, as well as spacious stables and place for carriages."

We have not dwelt upon the author's high conservatism, nor his ascent of the Rhigi, or Mount Cenis; upon his hasty inspections of Brussels, Milan, Turin, or other oft-described cities; but it would be an injustice to his work not to point out its botanical merits, in designating the peculiar character of the countries through which he passed in this respect. His every day personal journal would also be of great service to those who might wish to follow his example, and know the best routes, distances, conveyances, charges, &c. beforehand. The wood-cuts, from Mr. Roby's drawings on the spot, and engraved by S. Williams, are so characteristic, that we have borrowed two of them to speak for themselves.

The bother about passports was one of the greatest nuisances the travellers had to encounter; but, thanks to previous precautions, they got on far better than others. And, when we complain of these things, we must not think that there are no inconveniences elsewhere. Contrast the subjoined,—Mr. R. re-embarking at Calais, exclaims—

"We jumped on deck with great alacrity; steward greeting us with a sneering glance at the two French officers, whom he evidently

looked upon with no favourable eye, and would have pitched overboard if he durst. 'Now, sir, you have set foot on English ground,—you are out of their clutches.' I felt as though liberated from captivity: and again free! Passports, *gens-d'armes*—all might go to Davy's locker: the very air more buoyant as I resumed my birthright—a free-born Briton.

But! "We anchored," (he concludes) "off

the Custom House at nine o'clock; having had an amazingly quick passage. It is the pleasure of John Bull, who travels, to find fault with being detained at foreign custom-house establishments: the only stoppage we experienced, worth mentioning, was at our own. From nine o'clock until three, some scores beside ourselves were forced to wait, in consequence of a pressure of business, two other steamers having

arrived previously from Rotterdam and Ham-burgh."

We fear that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards; and that he will find as many in travelling as are necessary to exercise his patience, and teach him that to take matters as easily as he can is the best way to enjoy some comfort. We now take leave; recommending these volumes to the public favour.



Topsail-Sheet Blocks, &c. By "The Old Sailor." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Bentley.

ANOTHER sea yarn; and from the pen of a writer whose preceding popularity has shewn him to be clever and competent in the description of naval affairs and the drawing of naval characters. *Topsail-Sheet Blocks*, however, is far from being altogether an *Oceanic* tale; on the contrary, plots and crimes on shore, disguises, intrigues, changing of children as wonderful as in fairy legends, conspiracies, murders, and all the involved machinery of romance-life, form the main competency of this performance. One volume (the second), is nearly occupied with accounts of the French invasion of the Netherlands in 1794, whither the adventures of the hero carried him to be a witness of the atrocities and horrors of that bloody period. But, still, the better portion of the work will be found in its sea scenes, which are perfectly genuine—so genuine that we frequently wish less of their reality, both in speech and act, had been introduced, for though sailors swear, and say and do foolish things, the taste of our time does not encourage their being printed and published. Among the characters, that of the late Sir Joseph Yorke (called Captain Yorick), is strikingly brought out; and old Blocks the gunner, and Joe Breeze of the Roaring Boreas, are, we doubt not, originals, though we have not the honour of recognising the originals. There is, perhaps, an extravagance in some of the incidents, such as the knighting of the latter by George III., the fiendish conduct of Alicia and her accomplices, and the marvellous escapes of Dubois, &c., &c.; but, though wild and improbable in these instances, we are not prepared to say that actual existence may not furnish parallel cases of guilty feelings, guilty machinations, and guilty deeds.

With these remarks, and avoiding aught illustrative of the story's secrets, we shall let the Old Sailor say a little for himself. His preface is a smart one.

"My first launch was a single volume; I then tried a two-decker; and now I have boldly commissioned a first-rate, with three tiers of artillery. I make up my mind to some random shots, and, perhaps, a rattling broadside; but I have nailed my colours to the mast, and will never strike. As for sinking me—it

must be precious heavy metal to do that; so that I hope to carry my flag triumphantly into the port of public favour, that has given me snug moorings heretofore. Now, for a Preface, I say this is 'short and sweet.'"

The hero is a foundling infant, floating in the frail ark of a small boat during a stormy night near Plymouth, and picked up by a man-of-war's barge.

"They were a fine hearty set of fellows composing that boat's crew; the very pride of the British navy; the Tom Pipes and Jack Ratlins of Smollett's days; men that feared God, whose might and power they had so often witnessed in their favour, and defied the devil because he was an enemy. But the fact was, the ship's company had been paid six months' wages, and a very handsome share of prize-money, preparatory to their departure for the West Indies; and, as a matter of course, they spent extravagantly for the purpose of getting rid of it. The writer of old says, 'Riches make unto themselves wings and flee away;' but the riches of seamen are not of an ærial character; they resolve themselves into a more liquid element, known by the name of grog. Various are the conjectures from whence the etymology of this word is derived. Some ascribe it to old Benbow, who wore what was termed a grogam jacket, and hence obtained the name of Old Grog. In some of his daring actions he refreshed his men with rum and water, which ever afterwards retained the title. Others assert, that a planter of Jamaica wishing to send a puncheon of real good stuff to George the Second, marked upon the head G. R. O. G. for 'George Rex, Old Gemakee.' Another anecdote refers to the well-known act of 'tapping the governor.' Monsieur Guillaume Roussel, governor of Guadaloupe, died, and was shipped in a cask of rum for Europe. On the puncheon was painted 'Guillaume Roussel, obit. Guadaloupe;' and round the lead that was nailed over the bung, the initials G. R. O. G. On her passage, the vessel was captured by the English; and the jolly Jacks, without knowing the actual contents, soon speculated the governor dry. When they appeared rather out of order before the officer, his general exclamation was, 'What, you've

been foul of the 'grog' cask again!" Whatever was the origin, certain it is that no other language has any term applicable to it by way of translation. I remember once hearing the following attempt at explanation: a ship's chaplain was commenting, in one of his sermons, upon the words, 'Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!' and, during his discourse, he frequently styled spirituous liquor 'the rogue;' but, being a North-countryman, the burr in his throat gave the word the sound of 'grogue,' which was seized hold of with avidity by the tars, and applied to their favourite beverage. At all events, the barge's crew of the *Alfred* had been partaking freely of the generous *neck-lar*, and their excess would probably have brought some of them to the gang-way, had their captain, who was a kind-hearted man, but a rigid disciplinarian, embarked with them. As it was, they had reached the dogged devil-may-care sort of feeling that rendered them either unwilling or unable to exert their strength, and ten o'clock, on a tempestuous night in October, found them outside that famed fortified rock in Plymouth Sound, which seamen assert was the first British land made by the celebrated navigator on his return from his first voyage round the world; and has ever since borne the name of Drake's Island. A strong south-wester had set in with the flood; the sea came rolling across the mouth of the Channel with the whole weight of the Atlantic at its back; and as the boat just held sufficient way through the water to remain nearly stationary, the spray broke over the bows, and scattered its saline particles right fore and aft, to the great damping of the energies of the crew.

"Still they passed their rough jokes on the event, as their sinewy arms frequently brought the bows of their favourite boat nearly buried in the opposing waves; but, light and buoyant, she again rose, dashing through the foam, and throwing the spray hither and thither like a fin-back at play."

This is a fair example of the author's style and manner: these were the rough foster-fathers of the ocean-child, whom the coxswain, Will Blocks, adopts as his own, and takes to be christened before he sails on a cruise:—

"The ceremony commenced; the clergyman, from being apprised of the nature of the case, omitting the opening question. But there was some difficulty in making the godfathers comprehend the subsequent inquiries. They readily promised 'to renounce the devil and all his works;' but when the question was put 'Wilt thou be baptised in this faith?' Will hesitated. 'You must say, 'That is my desire,' whispered the clerk, somewhat scandalised at the want of promptitude in the reply. 'Avast, ould gentleman!' responded Will respectfully; 'it arn't me, but the babby, as is going to be thungumed.' 'The infant cannot answer for itself,' said Mr. Hector with patient meekness, 'and therefore you, as its godfathers, become sureties.' 'It's all a matter of form,' chimed in the clerk with self-complacency; 'you must make the response.' 'Now, yer reverence, I can understand being bound for the babby,' uttered Will; 'but I can't disactly make out the argufication of this ould gentleman here. If so be as Harry and I undertakes a solemn engagement, we considers it as double-bitted round our consciences to hould on by it; but if it's no more than a mere matter of form, why, then, I'm thinking——' 'It is not a mere matter of form, my friends,' answered the clergyman, 'but such as you take it to be—a solemn engagement,'—and his voice assumed a deep pathos,—'entered into with the Majesty of Heaven—the King of Kings. As godfathers to the infant, wilt thou that it should be baptised in this faith?' 'Yes, yer reverence,' answered the coxswain, firmly, 'and may God Almighty spare our lives—that's Harry and me—to do our duties by the child!' The following prayers, fervently offered up by the divine, were listened to with the most earnest attention by the seamen; but when he came to the part 'Name this child,' the tar again hesitated. 'Why, in the regard o' that, yer reverence,' said Will, in a tone of mingled perplexity and determination,—'why, I must own that it has rather puzzled my education a bit, because, d'ye see——' 'You mustn't talk to the minister, but tell the name,' said the clerk, interrupting him. 'So I woul, ould gentleman,' returned the seaman, rather offended with the interference of the official; 'but his reverence, I take it, arn't the person to throw a poor tar slap aback because, mayhap, he hasn't paid out the slack of 'Amen' so often as you have. I'm saying, yer reverence, as Harry and I have had a bit of a court of inquiry with my ould shipmate as keeps the 'Roaring Boreas,' and——' 'What is your own name?' inquired the lady, fully sensible of the embarrassment of her husband, and desirous of putting an end to it as early as possible. 'My name, yer ladyship?' reiterated the tar; 'why, my name is Will—Will Blocks; and my messmate's, here, is Harry Finn.—Ould Flipper, as we calls him aboard: arn't it, Harry?—speak up for yourself, man.' 'Yes, that 'ere's my name my mother guv me,' replied the tar; 'and it's logged down in the parish muster-book at Sevenoaks, in Kent.' 'But the name of the infant,—the name!' said the clerk, impatiently; 'you mustn't keep the minister waiting.' 'Avast, again, ould gentleman,' uttered Will, rather peevishly: 'I'm thinking you're shoving your oar in where it arn't wanted.' 'My good man,' said the lady, kindly, 'if you have not already fixed upon a name, may I be permitted to suggest one? Yours is William, and your shipmate's is Henry: why, then, not have it William Henry, after our gallant young prince, who, like yourselves, is in the

naval service of his country?' A buzz of approbation arose from the assembled seamen, to the manifest disturbance of the clerk; and many a blessing on the lady's head came from hearts that were honest and fervent in the wish. The coxswain pondered a few minutes,—whispered to his brother godfather, who shook his head, and then exclaimed, 'Why, no, yer ladyship; though it would please us both—that's Harry and me, yer ladyship—to have him named arter a son of our good ould king,—God bless him!—yet, as names are somut like junk, generally cut up into short lengths when they're wanted, why, if he was to be christened William Henry, it ud soon get shortened into Will or Harry, and he'd float along without its ever being noticed; so, if yer reverence pleases, you may just christen him Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks;' and the tar gave a knowing hitch to his trousers, and a circumferential twist of his tarpaulin hat. If the seamen had before expressed approval of the proposition of Mrs. Hector, they now were in the indulgence of irrepressible gratification. William Henry, the name of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, had influenced their pride; but the latter was so connected with all their nautical feelings, that the sacred edifice echoed to a British cheer. The clergyman and his excellent lady were for a minute or two quite staggered, and could scarcely refrain from laughter, so exquisitely ludicrous was the sudden announcement; whilst the clerk raised his hands and opened his eyes in utter amazement. 'Ten-thousand what?' inquired Mr. Hector, his gravity temporarily yielding to the excitement. 'Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks,' repeated Will clearly and deliberately; 'arn't that it, Harry?' The seaman assented by a nod. 'Are you really serious, my good fellow?' asked the minister, scarcely able to keep his countenance at the apparent sincerity of the tars. 'Why, yer reverence,' returned the coxswain with great solemnity, and lowering his voice to a deeper tone, 'it arn't in a place like this, built and rigg'd, as I take it, for the peculiar service of our Maker, that a man ought to be otherwise than serious; but if yer reverence thinks I've said or done any thing contrary to regulations, why then I hopes you'll have the goodness to put in a word or two on my behalf, and make all square again.' 'You mistake me, my friend,' said the minister, at once called to the recollection of the sacred character of his office by the unintentional reproof of the seaman; 'but do you really wish, and intend to give the child so strange a name?' 'Why, that's just it, yer reverence,' responded Will, reassured by the gentleness and bland deportment of the minister; 'for, being a rather out-of-the-way sort of a consarn, like a fisherman's boat with a horse-dragon's spur on it, we—that's Harry and me, yer reverence—we both on us thought that whomsomever heard the boy hailed by his name, would nat'rally be axing how he came by it; and so, mayhap, when his story's told, it may chance to lead to the knowledge of his parents, and the true bearings and distance of the cause of his being turn'd adrift upon a sea-cruise with such a slender outfit.' 'Well, there certainly is sound argument in that, I must admit,' assented the clergyman; and taking the laughing infant in his arms, he sprinkled its face with water, and, to the great surprise of the clerk (who seemed almost scandalised by the transaction), but to the unbounded delight of the seamen, he was named accordingly, 'Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks.'"

A narrative of the crew of a brig, reduced to perish by starvation, is dreadfully distinct (vol. i. p. 100 et seq.), and Byron's not more powerful nor poetical; but we leave it for a small touch of the portrait of Captain Yorick, who has read a journal, kept by TEN, to be sent to Mr. Hector—

"For what purpose was it thrown down into my cabin, and by whom?" inquired the captain harshly. "How it came into your possession, sir, I really cannot tell," answered the youth: "it was in my waistcoat-pocket previous to my going aloft, and, perhaps has——" "Worked out whilst you were in the rigging," said the captain, his countenance assuming a milder expression. "And now, if you was in my place, what would you do with it?" "If I had not already read it, sir," returned the youngster with more boldness, "I should return it unread." "The devil you would!" exclaimed the captain, reddening up. "And how could you know whom it belonged to, and the purpose for which it was sent into your hands, without opening it? Here is no direction, and I was led to guess the writer by what is there contained.—Now, hear me, boy," and he assumed a severer mode of expression: "I have read your letter, and take my advice—never, for the future, make observations upon any one. There certainly is nothing offensive in it—nothing; but malice can twist a halter from half a dozen hairs. There are some d—d good hits; but if you wish to steer clear of personal animosity, never tickle a lion's rump, that's all. You are yet but a green-horn, and, therefore, I pass it over without further notice; but if ever you whisper, even in your sleep, another word about my legs, d—me if I don't use 'em to some purpose!—But, go along for'd—perhaps I may bring you to a court-martial yet, and produce the letter as evidence against you, for impeaching the understanding of a member of parliament—it's a clear breach of privilege." Poor Ten-thousand was so terrified at the thoughts of having incurred the anger of his commander, as well as having the dread of disgrace before him, that, in his alarm and tremor, he dropped the small portfolio which contained the sketch he had just finished, as well as several minutely finished water-colour drawings, and nearly the whole were instantly spread upon the cabin-deck. "Hand those things to me, youngster," said the captain; and the lad placed them before him. "Leave them here," he commanded; "go to your berth, and carry with you the advice I have given—log it in your memory, young man! Be honest and straightforward in all things; but, d— it! don't quiz the devil himself—unless, indeed, you're his superior officer—and then don't carry the joke too far." These extracts must serve to exemplify the various points in the Old Sailor's literary compass to which we have room to direct the public attention. We do not wish to be too fastidious in dwelling upon the errors to which we have alluded; and especially as it will be seen, from the longest passage we have quoted, that, with all the seaman's roughness, a fine and healthy tone both of moral and religious feeling, is the prominent and essential quality of this work.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. (12 vols.) Vol. I. London, Murray.

SUCH a work as the present was a desideratum in our national literature. The mere reprints of Gibbon wanted much to be worthy of public

approval. By them, all errors, original or incidental, were multiplied and perpetuated; and, therefore, even a carefully purified and edited edition would have been a general service. But, since Gibbon wrote, the labours of many acute, learned, and industrious men, at home and, still more, abroad, have been directed to the close investigation of the sources whence the materials of Greek and Roman history are drawn; and their inquiries have thrown much new light on the great field which his genius explored. Distant and indistinct, it is wonderful to observe what he accomplished in that travel; but the more he did, the more interesting it became to clear up the points he left in doubt, to correct the mistakes into which he was led from imperfect means of information, and to complete, as far as increased human intelligence could complete the perfect picture of this mighty epoch, so replete with lessons to instruct mankind.

The task could hardly have been intrusted to fitter hands than those of Mr. Milman; whose notes on the volume before us, the first of the series, evince the research and reading necessary for such a purpose. But his design will be better understood from the fine and able essay which prefaces it, than from any remarks of ours; and we prefer a selection thence, explanatory of the leading matters and objects, to any description which we might offer in our own words.

"No writer (he observes) has been more severely tried on this point than Gibbon. He has undergone the triple scrutiny of theological zeal, quickened by just resentment, of literary emulation, and of that mean and invidious vanity which delights in detecting errors in writers of established fame. On the result of the trial we may be permitted to summon competent witnesses before we deliver our own judgment. M. Guizot, in his preface, after stating that in France and Germany, as well as in England, in the most enlightened countries of Europe, Gibbon is constantly cited as an authority, thus proceeds:—'I have had occasion, during my labours, to consult the writings of philosophers, who have treated on the finances of the Roman empire; of scholars who have investigated the chronology; of theologians who have searched the depths of ecclesiastical history; of writers on law who have studied with care the Roman jurisprudence; of Orientalists, who have occupied themselves with the Arabians and the Koran; of modern historians, who have entered upon extensive researches touching the crusades and their influence; each of these writers has remarked and pointed out, in the 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' some negligences, some false or imperfect views, some omissions, which it is impossible not to suppose voluntary; they have rectified some facts, combated, with advantage, some assertions; but, in general, they have taken the researches and the ideas of Gibbon as their point of departure, or as proofs of the researches, or of the new opinions which they have advanced.' M. Guizot goes on to state his own impressions on reading Gibbon's history, and no authority will have greater weight with those to whom the extent and accuracy of his historical researches are known:—'After a first rapid perusal, which allowed me to feel nothing but the interest of a narrative, always animated, and, notwithstanding its extent and the variety of objects which it makes to pass before the view, always perspicuous, I entered upon a minute examination of the details of which it was composed; and the opinion which I then formed was, I confess, singularly severe.

I discovered, in certain chapters, errors which appeared to me sufficiently important and numerous to make me believe that they had been written with extreme negligence; in others, I was struck with a certain tinge of partiality and prejudice, which imparted to the exposition of the facts that want of truth and justice, which the English express by their happy term *misrepresentation*. Some imperfect (*tronquées*) quotations; some passages, omitted unintentionally or designedly, have cast a suspicion on the honesty (*bonne foi*) of the author; and his violation of the first law of history—increased, to my eyes, by the prolonged attention with which I occupied myself with every phrase, every note, every reflection—caused me to form, upon the whole work, a judgment far too rigorous. After having finished my labours, I allowed some time to elapse before I reviewed the whole. A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, shewed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved; I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination (*justesse d'esprit*) which judges the past as it would judge the present; which does not permit itself to be blinded by the clouds which time gathers around the dead, and which prevent us from seeing that, under the toga, as under the modern dress, in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are, and that events took place eighteen centuries ago as they take place in our days. I then felt that his book, in spite of its faults, will always be a noble work; and that we may correct his errors and combat his prejudices, without ceasing to admit that few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete, and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications for a writer of history.' The present editor has followed the track of Gibbon through many parts of his work; he has read his authorities with constant reference to his pages, and must pronounce his deliberate judgment, in terms of the highest admiration of his general accuracy. Many of his seeming errors are almost inevitable from the close condensation of his matter. From the immense range of his history, it was sometimes necessary to compress into a single sentence, a whole vague and diffuse page of a Byzantine chronicler. Perhaps something of importance may have thus escaped, and his expressions may not quite contain the whole substance of the passage from which they are taken. His limits, at times, compel him to sketch; where that is the case, it is not fair to expect the full details of the finished picture. At times, he can only deal with important results; and, in his account of a war, it sometimes requires great attention to discover that the events, which seem to be comprehended in a single campaign, occupy several years. But this admirable skill in selecting and giving prominence to the points which are of real weight and importance—this distribution of light and shade—though perhaps it may occasionally betray him into vague and imperfect statements, is one of the highest excellences of Gibbon's historic manner. It is the more striking, when we pass from the works of his chief authorities, where, after labouring through long, minute, and wearisome descriptions of the accessory and subordi-

nate circumstances, a single unmarked and undistinguished sentence, which we may overlook from the inattention of fatigue, contains the great moral and political result. Gibbon's method of arrangement, though on the whole most favourable to the clear comprehension of the events, leads likewise to apparent inaccuracy. That which we expect to find in one part, is reserved for another. The estimate which we are to form, depends on the accurate balance of statements in remote parts of the work; and we have sometimes to correct and modify opinions, formed from one chapter, by those of another. Yet, on the other hand, it is astonishing how rarely we detect contradiction; the mind of the author has already harmonised the whole result to truth and probability; the general impression is almost invariably the same. The quotations of Gibbon have likewise been called in question; I have in general been more inclined to admire their exactitude, than to complain of their indistinctness, or incompleteness. Where they are imperfect, it is commonly from the study of brevity, and rather from the desire of compressing the substance of his notes into pointed and emphatic sentences, than from dishonesty, or uncandid suppression of truth. These observations apply more particularly to the accuracy and fidelity of the historian as to his facts; his inferences, of course, are more liable to exception. It is almost impossible to trace the line between unfairness and unfaithfulness; between intentional misrepresentation, and undesigned false colouring. The relative magnitude and importance of events must, in some respect, depend upon the mind before which they are presented; the estimate of character, on the habits and feelings of the reader. Christians, like M. Guizot and ourselves, will see some things and some persons in a different light from the historian of the Decline and Fall. We may deplore the bias of his mind; we may, ourselves, be on our guard against the danger of being misled, and be anxious to warn less wary readers against the same perils; but we must not confound this secret and unconscious departure from truth, with the deliberate violation of that veracity which is the only title of an historian to our confidence. Gibbon, it may be fearlessly asserted, is rarely, if ever, chargeable even with the suppression of any material fact, which bears upon individual character: he may, with apparently invidious hostility, enhance the errors and crimes, and disparage the virtues of certain persons; yet in general he leaves us the materials for forming a fairer judgment; and if he is not exempt from his own prejudices, perhaps we might write passions, yet it must be candidly acknowledged, that his philosophical bigotry is not more unjust than the theological partialities of those ecclesiastical writers who were before in undisputed possession of this province of history."

Mr. Milman afterwards discusses the "great misrepresentation" of Gibbon—his false estimate of the value and influence of Christianity; and, among other able arguments, he says,—

"The main question, the divine origin of the religion, was dexterously eluded, or speciously conceded by Gibbon; his plan enabled him to commence his account, in most parts, below the apostolic times; and it was only by the strength of the dark colouring with which he brought out the failings and the follies of the succeeding ages, that a shadow of doubt and suspicion was thrown back upon the primitive period of Christianity.

"Indeed, if, after all, the view of the early

progress of Christianity be melancholy and humiliating, we must beware lest we charge the whole of this on the infidelity of the historian. It is idle, it is disingenuous, to deny or to dissemble the early depravations of Christianity, its gradual but rapid departure from its primitive simplicity and purity, still more, from its spirit of universal love. It may be no unsalutary lesson to the Christian world, that this silent, this unavoidable perhaps, yet fatal change, shall have been drawn by an impartial, or even an hostile hand. The Christianity of every age may take warning, lest by its own narrow views, its want of wisdom, and its want of charity, it give the same advantage to the future unfriendly historian, and disparage the cause of true religion."

Having disposed of this grand question, into only a small portion of which we have entered, Mr. M. thus explains his general plan:—

"The design of the present edition is partly corrective, partly supplementary: corrective, by notes, which point out (it is hoped, in a perfectly candid and dispassionate spirit, with no desire but to establish the truth), such inaccuracies or mis-statements as may have been detected, particularly with regard to Christianity; and thus, as far as such correction may avail, to counteract the unfair and unfavourable impression created against rational religion; supplementary, by adding such additional information as the editor's reading may have been able to furnish, from original documents or books, not accessible at the time when Gibbon wrote."

We are rather surprised at seeing Mr. M. fall into the vulgar error of saying "*the two first*;" but his work bids fair to give him a high and lasting place with the greatest historical editors.

Rufus; or, the Red King. A Romance. 3 vols. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley. A WELL-WRITTEN and able preface ushers in this romance, in which the writer takes a just view of the component parts essential to the class of composition to which it belongs. Descriptions of ancient furniture and *oidd clothes*, and the misuse of some superannuated words and phrases, do not make a romance of *any age* or century; but a thorough knowledge of the history, manners, and feelings peculiar to the period, grafting verisimilitude upon invention, and building individual realities upon the general and everlasting foundations of human nature, are, truly, the sole qualities needful to the successful achievement of such a purpose.

Holding these unquestionable opinions, the author has ventured upon the remote era of William Rufus, when the Norman tyranny over Saxon England had not so entirely subjugated opposition as to leave either the conqueror or the conquered in security or quiet. The great Norman barons, invested with feudal powers, oppressed the people, and little feared the government. The government itself was daring and despotic. The Saxon population supplied its wandering resistance in single robbers, or banded outlaws; and the kingdom was one scene of ambitious encroachment, secret enmities, open or concealed hostility, and bloodshed and strife.

The opening scene is laid at Winchester, whither the king has gone to observe the feast of Pentecost, and his court is thronged with the great nobles of the day: the Constable of Chester, Lord de Lacy, Lord de Tunbridge, the Earl of Hereford, the Lord High Constable, and many of lesser note, not forgetting the king's notorious minister, Flambard. All these

are drawn with force and distinctness; and the events in which they are involved partake of the established character of chivalrous romance. We have a wealthy Jew, a mysterious Saxon with supernatural appliances, a prince in disguise of a minstrel, with an elfin attendant, a leader of free lances (Du Coci,* one of the most original and well-drawn personages in the drama), a heroine in jeopardy and distress, and a proud, vindictive, and unscrupulous woman, to make the gruel thick and slab; abbots and abbesses, primates and monks, forests and foresters, dungeons, chains, and gibbets, armed followers, tilts and forays, secret habitations of awful mystery, rebellion, battle, defeat, and victory. The rebellion is that of De Mowbray, earl of Northumberland; and the whole story tends to its concoction and final catastrophe.

If we abstain from offering any specimen of the author's talent, it is not because we do not estimate it highly, but because there is no portion of his narrative for which we could find room, so disconnected with the rest, as to afford us the least chance of doing him justice by such an exhibition. Suffice it to say, that the characters of the king and Flambard are capably drawn; and that the whole group of fierce and potent warriors, by whom they are surrounded, is ably individualised and contrasted,—the bad and the good, the brave and the irresolute, the cunning plotters and the bolder dare-alls. The chivalry which shed so strange and particular an influence over the period is well brought in to suit or shape the incidents; and, with some improbabilities (which romance alone could sanction), the whole is a cleverly devised tale of its class, sustained with effect and interest. The want, we think, is that of the introduction of some inferior persons, to relieve the state and energy of court and noble, and concentrate our sympathies on those with whom we could entertain greater union of sentiment; for, after all, one cares little for steel-clad warriors, with hearts as hard as their armour, and heads as impenetrable. Something of the country to contrast with the court, something of common life in opposition to deep intrigues, and something of peace and order, to diversify the stir of war and slaughter, would, we think, have been an improvement. But we must take what the author has chosen to give us; and, in the qualities which we have noticed, we are bound to say that he has produced a work of no common merit. Some poetry interspersed affords, also, a favourable idea of his imaginative cultivation.

Queen Elizabeth and her Times.

[Second notice.]

AGREEABLY to promise, we resume our notice of these amusing and interesting volumes. We shall not dwell at length upon the various letters on the subject of Mary, queen of Scotland, with which this work abounds; preferring, for this week's brief selection to which our limits confine us, some of the more striking illustrations of the life and manners of the so-called "good old times," to be found in it.

The following extract of a letter from Leicester to Burghley, written when the queen was on that progress in which she made her celebrated visit to Kenilworth, exhibits a curious picture of the times when the queen was put very "farr out of temper" because there was not one drop of good beer to be got for her.

"My good lord, the great expectation I had of your being here before this tyme caused me to be more silent to you then ells I had bene,

* His squire, the Jew's renegade son, is also of an original cast.

but fynding your comming yet dowbtfull (albeit I hope Kenelworth shall not myse you) I will lett your lordship understand such newes as we have, which is only and chiefly of her majestie's good health, which, God be thanked, is as good as I have long knowen it, and for her liking of this howse, I assure your lordship, I think she never came to place in her lyfe shelykes better, or commends more. And synce her coming hither, as oft as weather serves, she hath not bene within dores. The howse lykys her well, and her owen lodgings specyally. She thinks her cost well bestowed, she sayth, if it had bene five tymes as much; but I wold her majesty wold bestowe but half as much more, and then I think she should have as pleasant and commodious a howse as any in England. I am sorry your lordship is not here to see it. Even bye and bye, her majesty is going to the Forrest to kylle some bucks with her bowe, as she hath done in the parke this morning. God be thanked, she is very merry and well disposed nowe. But at her fyrst coming, being a marvelous hott day, at her coming hither not one drop of good drynk for her, so well was she provided for, notwithstanding her oft telling of her coming hither. But we were fayne to London with bottells, to Kenelworth, to dyvers other places, where ale was, her owen here was such strong, as there was no man able to drynk it, you had bene as good to have drank malmsey, and yet it was layd in above three days before her majesty came. It dyd put her very far out of temper, and almost all the company besyde too; for none of us all was able to drynk here or ale here. Synce, by chance, we have found drynk for her, to her lyking; and is well agayne, but I feared greatly two or three dayes some syckness to have fallen, by reason of this drinke. God be thanked, she is now perfect well and merry, and I think upon Thursdays come se'nnight will take her journey toward Kenelworth, were I pray God she may lyke all things no worse than she hath done here."

A letter from William Hobby to Lord Burghley, requesting leave to drive the devil and his dam from some treasure in his lordship's castle at Skemfryth in Montgomeryshire, affords a curious illustration of superstitions which still exist in many parts of the country; though they are by no means so common as they were in Elizabeth's time, when the well-known Dr. Dee petitioned to have the finding of all hidden treasures throughout the kingdom by means of the art magical.

"Leave your lordship to understand that there is a castell in the parish of Skemfryth, in the countie of Montgomery, your lordship graunt full authoritie unto mine own selfe, I am a poore subject of the queen's, if there be any treasure there, your lordship shall know it, for by the voice of the countrey there is treasure. No man in remembrance was ever sene to open it, and great warrs hath been at it, and there was a place not farr from it whose name is Gamdon, that is as much as to say *the game is down*. Pray you, good my lord, your letter to the castle, craving your lordship's free authority to open, and if treasure be there, I will use it as it ought to be, and I will stand to your lordship's to give me what you please. For the countrey saith there is great treasure. The voice of the countrey goeth there is a dyvell and his dame, one sits upon a hogshed of gold, the other upon a hogshed of silver, yet nevertheless, with your lordship's full power and authoritie, they shall be removed, by the grace of God, without any charge to the queene and your lordship. If that treasure be there, then I will look for something at your hands. So

praying your lordship's answer for the present despatche, so I bid your lordship farewell. From the Tower of London, this 28th of April, 1589. Your lordship's to comande,

WILLIAM HOBBYE.

Your lordship's owne hand write the Lord Treasurer underneath this petition, as for example—

THE LORD TREASURER.

Fleetwood's letters in the second volume are real gems. It is true many of them have been previously printed, but never so completely as in the work before us. They are full of animated sketches of the manners of the time. The following extract shews how great was the influence exerted by the courtiers in turning aside the due course of justice.

Fleetwood writes to Lord Burghley when the court was at a distance from London,—

"My Lord, the onlie cause that this reformation taketh so good effecte here about London is, that when by order we have justly executed the lawe, or preserved the counsell's commandment, we are wonte either to have a great man's letter, a ladie's ringe, or some other token from some other such inferior persons, as will devise one untruth or other to accuse us of, if we preferre not their unlawfull requests; the court is farre off; here we are not troubled with letters, neither for the reprieve of this prisoner, nor for sparing of that fraye-maker. These secretaries, chamber-keepers, and solicitors in the court, procure many letters from their lords and ladies upon untrue suggestions, the which letters do greatly hurte."

Ten years later, in 1583, the recorder again makes a similar complaint, and ends with a testimony to the undinching integrity of the great lord treasurer.

"Trewly, my lord, it is nothing needefull to write for the staye of any to be relieved, for there is not any in our commission of London and Middlesex, but we are desirous to save or staye any poor wretche, if by color of any lawe or reason we may do it. My singular good lord, my Lord William of Winchester was wonte to say, 'When the courte is furthest from London, then is there the best justice done in all England.' I once heard as great a personage in office and authority as ever he was, and yet living, say the same wordes. It is grown for a trade nowe in the courte to make means for reprieves; twentie pounds for a reprieve is nothing, although it be but for bare ten daies. I see it will not be holpen, unless one honoured gentillman, who many times is abused by wrong information, (and surely, upon my sovre, not upon any evill meaning,) do staye his penne. I have not one letter for the staye of a theife from your lordship."

The last of Fleetwood's letters as recorder, is dated early in the year 1592. About this time he was visited by an accident, which seems to have hastened his death; we believe that the following letter, alluding to this event, has never yet been published.

"Recorder Fleetwood to Mr. Hickee.

"Sir,—I do beseeche you to excuse me unto my good Lorde Treasurer in not coming in all this time (as I ought in dutie), to have come and sene his honor. For this fiftene dayes I have not bene able to stirre from my bed, further than by force I have bene lifted; for it pleased God, about fiftene dayes since, by a grievous fall from my horse, I brake both my legges, and thrust my shoulder forth of joynt, which hath put me to extreme payne and griefe; and I pray you remember my humble dutie unto his honour, hoping within short

time to come and see his honor. Thus, with my hartie commendations unto you, I committ you to God. From Bakon House, this Xlith of March. "WILLIAM FLEETWOOD.

"Postscript: I pray you pardon my boundnes herin, that I have caused my wife to set to her hand, for I am not able to write myself."

The following lines, addressed by Lord Burghley to his daughter, Mistress Anne Cecil, the production of

"The happier hour
Of social converse, ill exchanged for power;"
and the new year's gift, a spinning-wheel, which accompanies them, are strongly characteristic of the mind and mode of thinking of the noble writer.

"As yeres do growe, so cares increase,
And tyme will move to looke to thirfte;
Though yeres in me worke nothing lesse,
Yet for your yeres, and new yere's gifts,
This huswifes toy is now my shifte:
To set you on worke some thrifte to feele,
I sende you now a spyning wheele.
But one thing firste I wish and pray,
Lest thurst of thrifte might soon you tire,
Only to spyne one pounde a daye,
And play the rene as tyme require:
Sweat not (oh, fe!) ding rocke in fyre.
God sende, who sendeth all thrifte and wealth,
You long yeres, and your father heilth!"

The following affecting letter to his son, the last which Burghley ever wrote with his own hand, shews that his faithful services were duly appreciated by the sovereign to whom he had devoted them, and exhibits the touching, but rare picture, of a queen tending as a nurse or a mother by the bedside, and ministering with her own hands to the last necessity of her old and faithful minister.

"Though I know you count it your duty in nature so continually to shew you careful of my state of helth, yet, were I also unnatural, if I should not take comfort thereby, and to beseeke Almighty God to bless you with supply of such blessings as I cannot in this infirmitye yield you.

"Only I pray you diligently and effectually, let her majesty understand how her singular kindness doth overcome my power to acquit, who, though she will not be a mother, yet she sheweth herself, by feeding me with her own princely hand, as a careful nurse: and, if I may be weaned to fede myself, I shall be more ready to serve her on the earth; if not, I hope to be in heaven a servitor for her and God's church."

"And so I thank you for your partriches. 10 July, 1598.—Your languishing father,

"W. BURGHELEY."

"Serve God by serving the queene, for all other service is indeede bondage to the devill."

With this remarkable letter, of which a facsimile is given, we conclude our extracts from these well-stored volumes, with, perhaps, an exception in favour of some relating to Queen Mary, and alluded to in our first paragraph.

Waagen's Art and Artists in England.

[Continued.]

At Chatworth our traveller makes some agreeable reflections on the munificent hospitality shewn to him by its princely owner.

"The spacious staircase has rather a gloomy appearance, in consequence of the old darkened oil paintings which hang on the walls. The apartments are the more agreeable, being extremely light, and of fine proportions; furnished with the most refined splendour and elegance, and adorned with fine works of art, paintings, sculptures, and drawings, of which Chatworth can boast many of great value. I had just ended a general survey of the whole, when a servant brought me word that luncheon was

ready. While the servants, in rich liveries, served upon silver a breakfast, which differed in nothing from a substantial dinner but the name; and a bird, here called grouse, a very delicate kind of game, admirably dressed, regaled my palate. I could not help smiling at the great difference in human affairs, comparing my yesterday's dinner, without any meat, with this day's breakfast. I must observe, as a particularly agreeable circumstance, that the servants, when they had placed the dishes on table, immediately left the room, and did not come in again till they might suppose that I had done with them. The unpleasantness of being watched all the time one is eating, is thus avoided, and one's enjoyment of the good things on table not a little heightened, by being thus undisturbed. After luncheon the servant shewed me to the library, and told me the duke would soon join me. This fine apartment contains, in the most elegant bookcases, the rarest literary treasures in the choicest bindings. In early editions, this library is exceeded by none in England, except the celebrated one of Lord Spencer, at Althorp. To the ample store of books which the present duke found already collected, have been added the greatest rarities from the renowned library of the Duke of Roxburgh, the library of the Bishop of Ely, purchased for 10,000*l.*, and a large library which he has inherited from his uncle, Lord Cavendish. The duke, who entered, and appeared to be very much indisposed, addressed me in the most friendly manner, invited me to remain at Chatsworth as long as it should be agreeable to me, and then, as a thorough judge of books, shewed me the greatest rarities. With peculiar pleasure I looked, among others, at the oldest Florentine edition of Homer, printed on the finest white parchment, with the most elegant type, the initials beautifully painted in miniature: it looks very handsome. The recollection that, after about one thousand years' oblivion, this edition again furnished many with the means of drinking of this purest fountain of all poetry, gave it, in my eyes, an additional charm. Here, too, I saw some of the rarest impressions of Caxton, the first who practised the art of printing in England. On taking leave, the duke gave me the keys to all these treasures, telling me I need not return them till my departure. As I was thus enabled to arrange my view of the treasures in what order I pleased, I first proceeded to examine the oil paintings, which are distributed in several apartments and the dining-room."

Whence the following:—

"A family picture, said to be by Titian. The mother, a handsome woman, stands on the left hand of the father, who is seated. A little daughter, standing on the right hand, next the father, gives him with one hand something which is not seen, and with the other presents a fruit to her mother. Judging by the conception, the tone, and the shape of the hands, I should say it is a capital work of Paris Bordone, who, in his portraits, is sometimes nearly equal to Titian; so that they are often ascribed to him."

"Amidst these studies, the hour to dress for dinner arrived, which corresponded in opulence with the breakfast. I took it quite alone, and went into a very agreeable apartment adjoining, brilliantly lighted with large wax candles, when coffee was brought me. I had scarcely begun to read something, when the duke sent to ask me to drink tea with him. The conversation gave me fresh opportunity to admire the variety of his knowledge, and to rejoice at the great goodness of heart that was manifested in many

traits. How rare is it to find such qualities united in a person of his rank! He wished to hear my opinion of his pictures; and I could not avoid expressing my doubts respecting some of them. Far from being offended, as is too usual in such cases, he seemed to be pleased with my frankness, and to be convinced by my arguments. I had much pleasure in looking over an album, which contains good drawings of the most beautiful views in Sicily and its classical monuments, which owes its origin to the duke's having passed a considerable time in that island last winter. At intervals, a musician, whom the duke keeps in his service for that purpose, performed with much readiness the most favourite airs of different operas. In this manner half-past eleven o'clock came before I retired to my chamber. I rose early this morning, and passed some hours quite undisturbed in writing this letter. After breakfast, at which, besides tea and coffee, there were various dishes of meat, I went to the library to examine the manuscripts, with miniatures, which I was desirous of seeing. By far the most important is a 'Benedictionale,' which informs us, in Latin verses, written in gold capitals, that Ethelwold, bishop of Winchester, had it written by a Godefrid. As this Ethelwold filled the see from 970 to 984, the time of its origin is very decidedly fixed. This manuscript, a folio volume, nearly in shape of a quarto, consisting of 118 leaves of parchment, surpasses, in number and splendour of the pictures, as well as in the rich ornaments of the borders, all the other Anglo-Saxon manuscripts that I have yet seen in England, and differs from most of them, to its advantage, in some essential particulars. It is true, we find in it the same infatigable, unmeaning heads, the long lean limbs, the flickering draperies, which I mentioned in a former letter as characteristic of this epoch; but, on the other hand, they have not quite such a barbarous look. In the solid opaque water-colours, they are like the contemporary paintings of the Frank monarchy; and in the putting in of the lights and half tints, and in the colours broken against the light, there are, as in them, traces of antique reminiscences. The treatment, though mechanical, has, notwithstanding, a degree of precision and neatness. The last picture, which is only drawn, shews the whole of the mechanical process. The outlines were first drawn on the parchment with red colour, then so filled up with opaque colours that those outlines disappeared, and were again put on with the local tints, on those opaque colours. In the naked parts, which, as in the contemporary Frank miniatures, are of a cold reddish colour, red was chosen; in the darkest shadows of the drapery, black; in the lights, white. Some of the designs appear to be taken from models of the most ancient period of Christian art. Thus, the baptism of Christ (leaf 25 a), in which the Jordan still appears as a half-naked river god, the two black horns which are given him, have, doubtless, been gradually formed from the lobster-claws which we find on the temples of antique aquatic deities. The very thick forms of the limbs, which appear in some pictures, and which are as badly drawn as the lean ones of others, indicate the imitation of a certain model. The apostles and angels still appear in the antique costume, and barefooted. Some other parts prove a special influence of the local Byzantine style. The birth of Christ is evidently imitated from a Byzantine picture, as well as the Virgin Mary (leaf 90 b), a dignified figure, in a golden underdress and veil, and with a short red mantle, in good antique

style, holding in her right hand a book, and in her left a golden lily. The infant Christ is dressed entirely in the Byzantine fashion (leaf 24 a). The same is indicated by the frequent use of gold in the hems of the draperies; in the outlines of the architecture, in the glory, and in the frames of the ornamental borders, which, as I have before observed, is in general very rarely and sparingly used in English MSS. of that age. As an instance of wholly barbarous design in the time of this MS., the group of the stoning of St. Stephen (leaf 17 b) may be mentioned; where the very small feet of the Jews are covered with black shoes. In youthful countenances we often see the full oval, usual in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; for instance, in the incredulous St. Thomas (leaf 56 b), and in several in leaf 57 b. This very mixed character appears also in the figures of Christ, who, in the same picture, when he appears to the dying St. Stephen, is represented, according to the most ancient fashion, without a beard; as the enthroned deity (leaf 70 a), according to the bearded type of the Mosaic; but in the resurrection (leaf 9 b) quite barbarously, with enormous mustaches and whiskers. The back-grounds are sometimes of one colour, or the earth green and the sky blue; but more usually composed of several stripes of colours, bluish, reddish, greenish, in which the clouds are painted, like flying ribbons, or with the ornament by which the ancients expressed water. The ornaments of the borders of the pictures and of the sides at the beginning of the chapters are in taste of the richer Roman architecture, in which variations of the antique acanthus make the principal figures. There is no trace of the flourishes otherwise so much in vogue. Silver, too, is here and there employed, but, as usual, has become black. This MS. is of the highest importance in the history of English art, since it proves that it produced at least some works in that age, which, in most particulars, are not inferior to the contemporary productions of France, the Netherlands, and Germany." And here for the present we must pause.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treatise on the Employment of certain Methods of Friction and Inhalation, in Consumption, Asthma, &c. By J. P. Holmes, Esq., &c. &c. Pp. 120. London, 1837. Holdsworth.

WE have been much struck by a more attentive reading of this work, of which we have already given a brief notice. Mr. Holmes states his method in a very plain and proper manner, reserving only the *secret*, to divulge which would be to reap no fruits from long study. Every new discovery in medicine, as in other sciences, will be met by opposition; but we think Mr. Holmes may stand his ground upon the number and respectability of the cases he brings forward in support of his theory.

Chronological Tables of the History of the Middle Ages. Oxford, 1838. Talboys.

A FOLIO of twenty-four pages, but containing volumes of information, well arranged and excellently contrived to place before us the leading events which are recorded of the civilised world, from the year 400 to the end of the fifteenth century. Parallel columns present this view of "a thousand long years," and the whole is a very valuable and eminently useful compilation.

A Maiden's Fame. By W. B. Bernard. London, 1838. Duncombe and Co.

A CHEAP Edition of Mr. Bernard's popular

drama. Its success at the Adelphi renders it unnecessary for us to speak in its praise, either for dramatic interest or skilful composition. An engraving is mentioned on the title-page, but is not in our copy.

Mary and Florence at Sixteen. By Ann Fraser Tytler. 12mo. pp. 340. London, 1838. Hatchard.

A CONTINUATION of "Grave and Gay," and quite worthy of that sweet and touching volume. Variety of scene and incident, natural feeling, and lively description, render it a charming book for the youthful reader, and especially, of the better sex.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 12. MR. HAMILTON, President, in the chair.—Read 'Extracts from Lieut.-Col. Shiel's Journey through Kurdistan in 1837.' (Continued.) "After a residence of a few days in the town of Ván, during which we received great civility from the Páshá, we quitted it (says Colonel Shiel) on the evening of July 23 for Bidlis. We skirted the lake for four miles, and, having reached the southern extremity, turned to the west, and reached Artemid. This is a large Armenian village, of about 350 houses, placed on some heights above the shores of the lake, and completely buried in orchards, throughout which the houses are dispersed. It has no appearance of antiquity, nor were there any mounds or traces of ruins in the vicinity. The civilities of the Páshá were still continued; an excellent dinner was in readiness on our arrival, and food was supplied for our horses.—July 24th. We mounted at half-past three a.m. The road was exceedingly bad in some places, and at times over a perfectly smooth rock, where it would seem impossible for a horse to travel; but a Persian horse will go any where. Occasionally the road led us close to the lake, which was clear and blue, like the sea, while the black mountains of Erdöz were about two miles distant on the left: these mountains are very high, and, at a distance, have a particularly rugged aspect. We were now in Vistán, an undulating valley of three miles in breadth. Ten miles from Artemid we reached the fort of Vistán, a royal residence in the eleventh century, but now without a trace of greatness. The fort, a small mud building, is placed on a hill overhanging the lake, while the village and gardens are under Erdöz. Our Kúrd attendant insisted that we should ascend to the fort to eat the Kehweh-alti. The 'Osmanlis appear unable to travel without resting frequently. Subsequently, when I had 'Osmanli guides, we never passed a fort or village without their proposing, "Let us enter and rest ourselves: let us eat: let us take some coffee: and let us have a chibúk." About the seventeenth mile from Artemid, we were opposite to the rocky island of Akhtamár, which St. Martin supposes to have given its name to the lake. On the island are a much-venerated church and a monastery, both visible from the shore; they were once affluent, but were despoiled of their wealth some years ago, by Khán Mehmed, the powerful Rob Roy of this part of Kurdistan, or rather Armenia, for such it may more truly be called, almost all the villages being inhabited by that people. The dames of Kurdistan are not held in the same restraint as their neighbours in Persia and Turkey. Among the Khánehshín (the dwellers in houses), only women of high rank conceal their faces; but among the dwellers in tents all exhibit their features without reserve.

The women among the latter acquire great control in their families, and have considerable intercourse with the men of their encampment. It is very common for the young men to run away with the young women of another tribe or encampment, which produces violent quarrels; for a Kurd resents an affront of this nature with almost the same vindictiveness as a blood-feud. The Kurd who accompanied me from Ván, in speaking of his countrymen, said, that the dwellers in houses were a bad race, but that the dwellers in tents were beasts, and not to be included among mankind. It is certain that they are, if possible, greater liars than the inhabitants of Persia.—July 26th. We mounted at five A.M., and reached Bitlis at ten. We were lodged in the governor's house, a large stone square building inclosing a wide court, and placed on the top of a high hill, where it stood alone, overhanging a part of the city. The governor, a Kurd Beg, named Sherif Beg, was absent in Reshid Páshá's camp; but his wife sent his two young sons to congratulate me on my arrival, which they did with the graceful manners one usually finds in Asiatic children of high rank. The city of Bitlis has a very remarkable appearance; it is placed in a wide ravine, open to the east, but closed by high mountains to the west; the houses are dispersed over the sides of the steep banks of the stream which runs through it, and on several neighbouring hills. The form of the town is, therefore, most irregular; the houses are built of red stone, and the generality are of two stories, with grated windows to the street, which produce more resemblance to the towns of Europe than to those of Persia. Like Ván, the streets are paved with round stones. From the irregular manner in which the houses are scattered over the hills, intermingled with gardens, the town covers a considerable extent of ground; it is not inclosed by a wall, but this is scarcely necessary, each house being in fact a fortress, and a strong one too. The town is said to contain 1500 houses, of which 500 are occupied by Armenians. To this class belong the bakers, butchers, grocers, &c. of the city, they being considered pure, in a religious sense, by the Sunnis: while in Persia it has sometimes happened that they are not even allowed to purchase bread at the same shops as the Mohammedans: on the other hand, a Turk will on no account use the salutation "Selámun 'Aléikum" to a Christian, which a Persian does not scruple to do. Bitlis contains four caravanserais, three large and twelve small mosques, three baths, eight Armenian churches, and one Nestorian: the large mosques have each one very tall minaret, which has a pleasing effect, and they are said to be very ancient Mohammedan buildings. Of butchers, bakers, gunsmiths, and silversmiths, the number is very considerable, there being nearly twenty of each trade. The principal manufacture is coarse striped cotton cloth, and the chief export is tobacco. Pears, apples, plums, apricots, grapes, melons, cucumbers, lettuces, cabbages, and other vegetables, come to perfection. The climate is cooler than at Tabriz, though much warmer than in the country we had lately travelled through. The most remarkable object in Bitlis is the old castle, which is placed in the centre of the town, on a rock thirty feet in height, and built up with stone to the elevation of about 100 feet; the walls are extremely thick, and a single gate leads through the narrow passage which gives admission to the fort. The extent of the inside may be 120 yards; it is now in ruins, and filled with old houses. The wall

is strengthened by several square bastions on the outside: at the height of sixty feet there is an inscription in Arabic, cut in stone. An old man informed me, that, within his own remembrance, there was an inscription on the wall which stated that the castle was built 300 years before Mohammed. The women at Bitlis walk about with very little concealment of their faces, and display that very ugly Asiatic ornament, common in India, the nose-ring: this appendage is not worn in Persia.—July 27th. We left Bitlis for Se'rt, the next evening. So great was the change of climate, that we found Indian corn growing. The night being too hot to sleep in a house, we spread our carpet under some trees. Close to us was Sherif Beg, the governor of Bitlis, who had just returned from the camp of Reshid Páshá. He sent me a dinner of curds, grapes, milk, and that most indigestible of dishes, a wheat piláú. Soon afterwards he came to see me, that he might request me to tell Reshid Páshá that his country was in excellent order, and that I had been well treated. He was a dashing Kurd of twenty-five years of age, and chiefly remarkable for his dress. It consisted of short yellow boots, blue cloth trousers of prodigious dimensions, three jackets of silk and cloth of different colours, and one of them with sleeves two yards in length, a wide silk sash round his waist, and an enormous turban of silk of every colour; a white Arab cloak was thrown round him, and a dagger, long pistols in his belt, and a sword, completed his equipment. In Kurdistan, the sword is worn with the edge to the rear, which the Kurds contend is the best method for drawing the weapon. This dress is very fantastic, but very gay, and is imitated by every one, more or less, according to his means. The lower classes wear the coarse woollen manufactures of their villages, made into a short jacket and trousers. The Armenian villagers can scarcely be said to wear any dress at all: it is generally made of shreds and patches; and the marvel is, how the man gets in and out of it, if he ever takes that trouble. Instead of trousers, the Armenian women wear what the Persian women call trousers of one leg, by which expression a petticoat is meant: they wear, as is customary among the Armenians, a large white cotton veil, and the unbecoming slip of white cloth with which they partially conceal the mouth. Se'rt is placed in the midst of a large undulating plain, without a single tree, surrounded, at a considerable distance, by high mountains. The quantity of cultivation in the vicinity of the city is great, particularly of melons and cucumbers; in the midst of each field there is a small stone house, well loop-holed, for the protection of the property. There are at least twenty of these edifices in the neighbourhood of Se'rt, which give it the appearance of being surrounded by a number of small forts. The town is about two miles and a half in circuit, inclosed by a wall of stone and lime, with round and square bastions, but destroyed in many places, and without any ditch. A great part of the space inside the wall has no buildings, and the city is said not to contain more than 1000 houses of Kurds, Armenians, and Nestorians. There are three large mosques, and several small ones, two churches, five baths, and one caravanserai. The governor's house is a large building sunk in a deep moat, which can be filled with water: this castle has bastions and loop-holes in abundance. The houses are all arched, and built of stone, with very thick walls; but this does not diminish the heat of the interior. My title of Elchí was of very little service to me at Se'rt;

I was put into a house so insufferably offensive, and hot that it was impossible to sleep in it. The governor's hospitality induced him to send me a solitary bowl of milk for dinner; and the habit of being well entertained in the large towns made me fancy that he had behaved ill; in fact, he had done so according to the notions of the country. On quitting Se'rt, we travelled to the south-west, crossed the river Tigris, and continued along the elevated plain on its south-western bank for five days, when we reached Jezireh-ibn-Omar, an almost deserted town on an island formed by a bend of the river Tigris: from this spot we continued along to the eastward of the river, nearly under the foot of the range of mountains which here run east and west, till we reached Reshid Páshá's camp, about fifty miles to the E.N.E. of Mésul. On the following afternoon, having learned that the Páshá was about to march, we prepared to follow him. We marched north into the district of Zebári, crossing the range which is a continuation of the mountains of 'Amádiyah, but, though very high, not having the same rugged, barren aspect: the ascent was extremely fatiguing, and the descent in the dark nearly as much so. We travelled about ten miles to the camp, which was placed in a fine valley with several villages in it, but uninhabited; grapes, figs, and walnuts, grew wild: no one knew the name of this valley, but the Záb was said to be three hours to the N.E. There were no Kurds in this camp, which was a small one of 2000 men, the greater part of the army, 7000 regular infantry, being in advance some miles. August 13.—I quitted the Páshá's camp, and marched to the eastward to an eminence, on which a portion of the army of 'Ali Páshá of Baghdád was encamped, under Mustafá Páshá. At the summit of the eminence was the small fort of Darvín, which had been taken two days before. August 16.—We left the camp at day-break, and proceeded, across the plain of the Tigris, to Arbéla: the road was excellent and level, and far to the left lay the mountains of Kurdistan. This town is placed on a large mound sixty or seventy feet in height, and 300 by 200 yards in length and breadth; it is inclosed at the summit with a brick wall, having bastions, with a few small guns in them; at the foot of the mound there is another town, enclosed by a mud wall, a great part of it being in ruins, in which respect it resembles both the upper and lower town: the latter, especially, is almost desolate. There are no ruins or remarkable buildings. A short distance to the west of the town, there is an immense brick pillar standing by itself in the plain; it looks old, but seems to be a Mohammedan building; nothing is known of it excepting that it once was the minaret of a mosque. I saw no river near Erbil, and the people declared that there is none. The troops of the Amir of Rewandúz made a short resistance at this place, but a small and ineffectual mine having been exploded in the mound, they were alarmed, and surrendered. Erbil contains 6000 people, three large mosques, and two baths. After a fatiguing journey of about forty miles, we reached Akún Kúpri at sunrise. This town is placed on an island in the Altún Sú, which we crossed by a bridge, whence the town is said to have been named on account of the lucrative toll formerly levied, Altún Kúpri meaning 'gold bridge.' The river is shallow now, but deep at other seasons, and about fifty yards wide before it divides; it was flowing from the N.E., and rises in U'sheh, a district of Persia, near the Urumiyah lake. The chief of this town was

extremely civil; he gave me a room overhanging the river, and thirty feet above it, commanding a fine view of the country. This town is said to have formed the boundary of the acquisitions of the Amir of Rewandúz to the south. Altún Küpri, according to the statement of the chief, once contained 8000 people, but plague and famine had greatly thinned it. August 20th.—We reached Suleimaniyah, by a good road, through a tolerably level, well-cultivated country. This is a small town of about 1000 houses, the capital of a district of the same name, in the centre of which it is placed, and which extends forty miles in every direction. It is possessed by the Kurd tribe of Behah, who are esteemed excellent cavalry, and have many horses; I saw a mare for which the owner wanted 400*l.*, and I have no doubt, that if even so large a price were offered him, he would be very reluctant to take it. The town is situated at the end of a plain under some hills; it contains few good houses, many of which are in ruins; it has a large and well-supplied bazar of fruit, meat, and vegetables. From Suleimaniyah, I travelled in a N.N.E. direction, about 200 miles, by a well-known road to Sardasht, Lahijan, So'ak Búlúk, and by Marágha to Tabriz."

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Chancellor's two gold medals for the best classical scholars among the commencing Bachelors of Arts were on Thursday last adjudged to Lord Lyttleton, and C. J. Vaughan, of Trinity College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The following is our report of Mr. Faraday's paper, entitled, 'Experimental Researches in Electricity, 13th series.' This is a combination of the experimental argument by which the theory of electric induction, advanced in the 11th series, was to be examined. The first speaks of that remarkable difference observable in electric discharges through air, at the positive and negative conducting surfaces. It principally consists in this:—that when the discharges are intermittent, and between a conductor and an insulating dielectric, they are far more numerous in a given time at the negative than at the positive conducting surface. But though this difference is general to most, if not all dielectrics, yet there are such distinctions presented by each body as to shew that the action has a specific relation to the dielectric employed, and so confirm the general results contained in the 11th series. He then examines that condition of luminous disruptive discharge which is neither spark nor flash, but presents itself as a *continuous glow*. From that he turns to the question of *dark discharge* through air; and then to that of the *time* occupied in disruptive discharge; still without finding any contradiction of his first principles of induction. The subject of connexion, or carrying discharge, is then entered upon. This includes all mechanical attractions and repulsions, all currents of air, or oil of turpentine, or other undulating fluids. The author even extends it to the currents in metals observed by Sir H. Davy; and here draws some general conclusions respecting the relation of insulators and conductors, in perfect harmony with those presented by the same bodies, when considered as to their insulating and conducting powers. What effect a vacuum ought to produce is then discussed, so far as it bears upon the theory of induction. Having thus considered discharge generally, under the four forms which it can assume, the *current* (which they can all produce) is examined in reference to its

extraordinary constancy and evenness of character. This is shewn to be in immediate relation with the impossibility of giving an absolute charge to matter; and the simplicity and unity of the current (as experimentally indicated) is then employed as a test of the probability of various hypothetical notions, such as that of unipolarity of a current of one fluid or power, &c. &c. A brief speculation respecting the relation of magnetism, or the transverse force of a current, to the current itself, is then given; and the author concludes by stating, that he can find nothing contradictory to his theory of induction, and promises shortly some further experimental investigation of the nature of this extraordinary power, electricity.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair. — Lieut. General Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart. communicated extracts from the accounts of Rees Gwyer, steward to John Smyth, Esq., who possessed an estate lying in the parishes of Highgate, Hornsey, and Islington. They contained several items of assessment for the provision for the army quartered at Islington, and three pence per month to the collectors for the poor of Islington. The accounts were from the year 1650 to 1655. Mr. Mendenhall communicated an account of some ancient British remains near Bath. A further portion was read of Sir William Beecher's account of the intrigue of Henry the Fourth of France with the Princess of Condé.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Phenological, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Institute of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; Ornithological, 3 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Western Medical, 8 P.M.; Harveian, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, opened to the public on Monday, the 26th instant, and the novelties it contains will, we trust, be found as attractive as those of its precursors. We can with confidence affirm, that the members of the Society, and the contributors generally, have gradually risen in the progress of their practice, and therefore that this, the fifteenth exhibition, is highly worthy of the regard of the public, and the encouragement of the well-wishers of the Fine Arts.

Speaking generally, we should say, that here, as well as at the Royal Academy, portraiture occupies, perhaps, too large a portion of the rooms, particularly the great one. Several of these productions, however, are of a high character; and their pictorial accessories, and other qualities of art, give them an interest, beyond the mere resemblance they may possess.

Although the Gallery is by no means deficient in works of imagination and subjects of familiar life, yet we think its leading feature will be found to be the landscape and shipping departments. Of these, excellent examples will be found in the works of Linton, Holland, Allen, Tennent, Shayer, Stark, Egerton, Childe, J. Wilson, E. Cooke, G. Chambers, Carmichael, &c. For subjects of imagination, we refer to the productions of J. Martin, J. Foggo, Elmore, Parker, T. Von Holst, Buss, C. Smith, R. R. M'lan, Miss F. Corbaux,

A. G. Woolmer, &c.; for those of familiar and domestic life, to the performances of E. Prentis, Clater, Kidd, Roods, &c.

Of the Sculpture Room we may also say, that in the number and character of the groups and statues, models and marbles, it has never boasted a more striking display. Neither will the drawings and miniatures be found less attractive than on former occasions.

We shall now select, for particular remark, some of what appear to us to be the prominent features in the Exhibition.

No. 214. *The Ruins of Ancient Tyre*. W. Linton. — A passage quoted from Quintus Curtius has furnished the artist with a splendid vision of this ancient and celebrated city, whose merchants (according to the Prophet Isaiah) were "princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth." It is, to say the least, one of Mr. Linton's finest compositions. The plunging sweep of the waters on the right, the rocky elevations of the buildings on the left, together with the rich and varied character of the fore-ground, display a spectacle at once classical and sublime.

No. 208. *Lord Soulis*. R. R. M'lan.

"Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And beside him was Red-Cap Sly;
'Now tell me, thou spright, who art meikle of might,
The death that I maun die?'"

Red Cap.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With iron padlocks bound;
Turn away thine eyes, when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound."—*Scottish Minstrelsy*.

Rich in all the character of the picturesque, we give the quotation to shew on what simple materials the artist has raised so clever a pictorial fabric. We have met with the name before, but never with such claims to attention; and we confidently expect much more from so fertile an invention.

[To be continued.]

THE DIORAMA.

ON Monday last, this interesting Exhibition opened for the season, with two pictures painted by Le Chevalier Bouton; one, a representation of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome; the other, a View of Tivoli, taken from the Terrace of the Temple of Vesta. The former production was exhibited last year, but may be seen repeatedly with great and increasing pleasure. The change from the original splendour of the building, to its desolate appearance after the conflagration of 1823, is gradually effected before the eyes of the spectator in a manner that seems perfectly magical, and that defies detection. Of the new performance, although the breaking of day is finely expressed, we cannot speak in terms of equal admiration. The point of view is injudicious; comprehending so many mean buildings, and doing very insufficient justice to the picturesque beauty of this celebrated spot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches on the Moselle, the Rhine, and the Meuse. Drawn on Stone, in exact imitation of the Original Sketches from Nature. By Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. R.A. Hodgson and Graves.

If we had wanted any thing to confirm the opinion which we expressed, a fortnight ago, of the extraordinary and (by us at least) unanticipated excellence to which the art of lithography has arrived, we should have found it in this superb volume. It comprises thirty highly finished sketches; of which the greater number have been untried by that "untrodden field of art," the banks of the Moselle: to these, a few of the most celebrated views on

the Rhine have been added; and the collection has been completed by some of the most picturesque cities and towns on the Meuse. The fine, varied, and romantic character of the country through which these noble and beautiful rivers flow is well-known. That character, however, is not confined to the landscape scenery. It pervades the buildings, the inhabitants and their costume, the animals, the vehicles, the instruments of agriculture, the machinery, the boats and other vessels, and, in short, every visible object. Mr. Stanfield's firm and discriminating pencil has marked all these with fidelity and spirit; and over the whole he has thrown that charm of effect of which no man is a greater master. We recognise in the series, the originals of some of those magnificent pictorial representations with which the public have already been so highly delighted at Covent Garden; and it is very gratifying to have an opportunity of dwelling on forms which the necessary business of the theatre hurried but too rapidly from before our eyes. We should be doing great injustice to Messrs. Boys, Gauci, Haghe, and Picken, who, under the immediate direction of Mr. Stanfield, have transferred these charming sketches to stone, if we did not add that they have executed their difficult task with perfect success.

Beauty's Costume: a Series of Female Figures, in the Dresses of all Times and Nations. Executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. With original Descriptions, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH the most absurd costume cannot make a pretty woman look plain, a becoming costume may certainly make a plain woman look pretty. We would recommend such of our fair countrywomen as have so humble an opinion of their beauty as to think its effect may be improved by dress, to study these elegant and tasteful plates. By a judicious selection and combination of the personal ornaments of other countries and ages, they may perhaps improve their appearance in their own eyes: they require no such borrowed attraction in ours. It may be national prejudice, but we confess that, after looking repeatedly at the whole assemblage of lovely creatures under our notice, we are most charmed with the simple attire of the English peasant girl.

Charles Kean, in the Character of Hamlet.
Drawn on stone by C. F. Reichart. M'Lean.
"ANGELS, and ministers of grace, defend us!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SEXTON.

"MINE is the fame most blazoned of all;
Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."
This is the lay of the Sexton gray,
King of the churchyard he;
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell
Chimes in with his burden of glee.
He dons a doublet of sober brown,
And a hat of slouching felt;
The maddock is over his shoulder thrown,
The heavy keys clank at his belt.
The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,
While his song rings merrily out;
With a cobweb canopy over his head,
And coffins falling about.
His foot may crush the full-fed worms,
His hand may grasp a shroud;
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break

As he gains a fathom deep—
"Whoever lies in the bed I make,
I warrant will soundly sleep."

He piles the sod, he raises the stone,

He clips the cypress tree;
But, whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone,—
No fellowship holds he.

For the Sexton gray is a scaring loon—

His name is linked with death:
The children at play, should he cross their way,
Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frightened host,

And whisper with lips all white,—
See, see, 'tis he, that sends the ghost
To walk the world at night.

The old men mark him, with fear in their eyes,

At his labour 'mid skulls and dust;
They hear him chant, "The young may die,
But we know the aged must."

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on,

"Though broad your lands may be,
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
And the same shall serve for ye."

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,

And Beauty's cheek will pale,
"Out, out," cry they, "what creature would
stay,
To list thy croaking tale!"

Oh! the Sexton gray, is a mortal of dread,

None like to see him come near;
The orphan thinks on a father dead,
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,

Upturning the hollow bone;
No mate will share his toil or his fare,
He works, he carouses alone.

By night or by day this, is his lay:

"Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

ELIZA COOK.

DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Saturday last with Bellini's *Sonnambula*, with a new cast of the principal characters; *Amina* being played for the first time in London by the Parisian favourite, Madame Persiani; *Count Rodolfo* by Signor Borroni; *Elvino* by Signor Tati; and *Lisa* by Mlle. Smolenski. It is no small risk to any vocalist to follow Malibran and Grisi in a part they both played so well, and it is no small compliment to Persiani, to say she succeeded in it. Her voice is a full soprano, clear, pure, and flexible; her manner sweet, gentle, and, unlike her predecessors in the part of *Amina*, subdued. On Saturday, since when we have not heard her, she seemed to suffer much from fatigue, and reserved her voice rather more than necessary for the exquisite finale, which she executed so sweetly and so elegantly as to call forth a warm encore. It is hard to say, poorly supported as she is at present, whether she is to rank as first-rate or not. We must see her in some part requiring less energy, and content ourselves now by saying, that if less than first, she is assuredly more than second-rate. Signor Borroni possesses a pleasant baritone voice for a concert-room, but wants the great requisites for the Italian Opera,—power, compass, and execution. Signor Tati, also, wants power for so large a theatre, though his voice is a good tenor, and his execution far from bad. Unfortunately, in his personal appearance there is a degree of jolliness and comicality which render

the part of a despairing lover the worst in which he could be cast. Mlle. Smolenski, the other novelty, excited our compassion, and brought to our minds the childish game of "They can do little who can't do this." The new lady in the ballet danced lightly and prettily enough, but did not create any violent sensation. The orchestra retains all its old favourites, and is, of course, as perfect as ever.

Adelphi.—On Monday, the *Guide of the Tyrol*, with its avalanche, and the fine acting of O. Smith, and the graceful performance of our great favourite, Mrs. Yates, has been played with success here. Yates, also, performs well in it; but we lose him after the first scene. Mr. Lyon is not wanting in talent, but he so overdoes his parts, that the effect of his tragedy is sometimes positively comic. Another novelty, on the same night, called *The Mayor and the Monkey*, was also a hit, as far as laughter goes. We know not what to call it but an absurdity. Miss Agnes Taylor sung a pretty song in it very sweetly, and played her slight part archly.

St. James's.—*Oliver Twist*, a piece so called, was produced here, and, we regret to say, acted with great ability; for a thing more unfit for any stage, except that of a Penny Theatre, we never saw. We believe it was a benefit piece; but still the management ought to have objected to it. On Thursday, a lively farce, called the *Valet de Sham* was quite successful. It was played with great spirit by Mr. Webster, Mr. Wright, Mr. Brookes, Miss Allison, and Mrs. Stirling; all of whom had parts suited to them. Mrs. Stirling, as a flirting would-be-fine lady's-maid, was excellent. Miss Allison, in two disguises, also displayed much talent; and Wright, who is in his own line one of the best actors on the stage, succeeded, by his true humour, in making the audience laugh heartily. The little piece was announced for repetition amidst general applause. We must give one more line of praise to the *Spitalfields Weaver*, which has been often played at this house, and which is so well worth seeing. Wright is a great treat, as *Simmons*, in it.

The *Olympic* tried an oratorio, last week; but it turned out a roar-atoro, and a failure both behind the curtain and before. We see that it was not a production of the management, but a *Let of the theatre*.

The *National Dramatic* was never, in our time, illustrated in a more delightful manner than it has been within these few days. The success of the *Lady of Lyons*, which, be it remembered, was presented by Mr. Bulwer to Mr. Macready, as a tribute, to honour and, if it might be, to aid his great effort to restore the stage to moral respectability and literary character, as well as to provide a suitable provision and home for his brethren of the sock and buskin,—its success, we say, induced Mr. Macready to address a letter of acknowledgement to the author, and, as an instalment of its produce, enclose a cheque for two hundred guineas. That cheque was returned in a letter, which it has been our gratification to see, and which is a splendid instance of disinterestedness in the individual, and of a just appreciation of higher objects than pecuniary reward. To estimate Mr. Macready's exertions and sacrifices is something, but to lay so noble a testimony of that estimation on the altar of personal sympathies and a public cause—is alike honourable to the receiver and the giver—we know no praise too high for it. With such an example, who will doubt the ultimate issue of the struggle to reclaim the stage and the drama of England?

Mr. Adams's Lecture on Astronomy at Her Majesty's Theatre.—We are glad to see this excellent Lenten entertainment attended by so many of the higher classes of society, whose families, as well as those belonging to middle life, must be much benefited by the instruction so beautifully given. We only regret that the season is so short.

VARIETIES.

WEATHER WISDOM: Past Week.

	Morrison.	Murphy.	Actual Facts.
24th.	Winds, and hail,	Changeable	Cold, rainy.
25th.	and lightning,	Rain and	Fine.
26th.	and meteors ..	storm	Fine Spring
27th.		Changeable	day.
28th.	Colder, and	Rain & wind	Ditto, fine.
29th.	gloomier, with	Changeable.	Fine.
30th.	frequent showers	Fair	Fine.
31th.	Windy		

With this table, in which there is not the slightest approach to a right guess, we shall bid adieu to these prophecies. That a true system of meteorology has not yet been hit upon, is very evident from the examples we have inserted in our *Literary Gazette*, and especially during the last three months. In short, Lieutenant Morrison has not got the weather-gage of the subject, and Richard Murphy, Esq. has not succeeded in winning his title of *Dick Tator* of the weather.

Public Monuments.—On Saturday, a meeting took place at the Thatched House Tavern, the purpose of which was to promote the opening of public places and public monuments to the people. Mr. Hume was called to the chair, and, after a detailed view of what had been done, in a moderate and conciliatory tone, pointed out what he considered to be the best means for attaining this desirable object for the benefit of the people, and with due attention to claims and opinions, which seemed, in the first instance, at variance with the popular voice. Mr. Hope (M.P.) also addressed the meeting, and enforced the expediency and propriety of adopting a just and temperate course of this description; and other gentlemen of all political parties, having expressed their concurrence in these sentiments, it was finally resolved, that the Committee should be formed into a Society, of which it was understood the Duke of Sussex would become the President. At this issue we rejoice, for it points the only and certain way to success: factions politics ought to have nothing to do with the fine arts or the instruction of the people.

H.B. has given us two other caricatures:—the Beadle, the Honourable Frederick Byng, with his poor-box, a single figure of clever character; but the other, Una and her Lamb, a subject from the "Faery Queen," is one of the best imagined and best executed of the whole series. We need hardly say that the Queen is Una mounted on the lowly ass, John Bull; Lord Melbourne, the lamb; and Lord J. Russell, the dwarf: the whole is admirable.

Suggestions for the Classification of the Library, now collecting at the Athenaeum Club House (privately printed), seem to us to be very judicious and excellent. The outline is from Mr. Hartwell Horne; but the librarian, Mr. Spencer Hall, has filled it up in a manner which makes it a very valuable guide to all who are forming or arranging a library. The club allots 500*l.* a-year for the purchase of stock books, and must soon have a noble collection.

The late Mr. Zachary's Pictures.—The private view of this collection on Tuesday, at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, attracted many amateur visitors, offered good promise for the sale of various lots of *virtù*, &c., yesterday,

and of the fine pictures to-day. Among the latter we were gratified with the sight of several works of a high class of art, and others curious as specimens of the painters. Among these were a Bonifacio, Vander-Neer, Procaccini, Himmelnick, De Hooghe, Teniers, Cuyp, Ochtersveldt, Greuze, &c.; and of the superior order, Paul Potter, L. da Vinci, A. Van de Velde, Wouvermans, Rubens, G. Poussin, and Murillo.

Anti-Malthusian.—A Mrs. Raine, in the state of Tennessee, and a Mrs. Pence, down East, have respectively presented their loving husbands with four children each; and in the House of Representatives, Kentucky, a petition was presented on the 17th of last January, in behalf of a man and his wife, both of whom were represented to be virtuous and industrious, but poor, and who had been blessed with five children at one birth! all of whom were well, and likely to live, and praying the legislature to provide them with a track of land. The petition was referred to a select committee.

Roman Antiquities.—Some remarkable Roman antiquities have been discovered near Valenciennes, including a subterranean road, into which there is a descent of above forty steps.

Electricity.—Various experiments made by Professor Belli on the dispersion of the two kinds of electricity, have led him to the conclusion, that negative electricity is more apt than positive to lose itself in air, or in any other gas, and to be transmitted from one body to another by a medium. In other words, he thinks that, at equal tension, the absorption of positive electricity is more rapid than its emission. Resolving all into this principle, he does not conceal his hope that he may contribute, by his experiments, to decide the question in favour of a single electric fluid. — *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.*

Hermit.—A new mineral has been discovered in Switzerland, to which the name of Hermit has been given, in consequence of the solitary spot in which it was found. It is of a yellow-brown colour; but, when exposed to the action of the blowpipe, it becomes immediately transparent and colourless.

Red Snow.—In the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," there is a communication from a M. Shirges, respecting the cause of the appearance of red snow, which has so frequently been remarked by travellers in Switzerland. Experiments made by M. Shirges, prove that it is the result of the colouring matter in the apple of the *pinus cembra*, which grows abundantly in Alpine regions.

Ethel Forrest is exciting some attention in America, by his refusing to accede to a solicitation to perform for the "benefit of the poor." In his letter to a committee, at Philadelphia, who invited him, he says, "From the numerous applications made to me to perform for charities in almost every city that I visit, in my own defence I have found it necessary to make a rule, which prevents the exertion of my professional services in behalf of any charity, excepting that of the Theatrical Fund, for the relief of decayed and indigent actors. The actor's profession is the 'means whereby he lives;' and who shall dictate to him the disposal of his hard-earned gains, any more than to the mechanic, the merchant, or the advocate?"

A New York Paper, of February 17th, announces the arrival, in that port, of the splendid steam-ship, the Neptune, from Charleston, and expresses a belief, that she will anticipate the gigantic British steamer, the Great Western, in the passage across the Atlantic.

At the above date she was preparing for that enterprise. A few weeks will determine to which country will belong the honour of being the first to attempt so mighty a reduction in the distance between the two Continents of Europe and America, as a successful navigation of the Atlantic by steam will effect.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Robber, a Tale, by the Author of "Richelieu," "Gipsy," "Attila," &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*—The Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. V., by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, forming Vol. CL of "Lardner's Cyclopaedia," 6*cap.* 6*s.*—Seven Weeks in Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Piedmont, Savoy, &c., by John Roby, Esq. M.R.S.L. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.*—The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, collected by himself, Vol. VI., 10 vols. fcap 8vo. 5*s.*—Beauty's Costume, a Series of Female Figures in the Dresses of all Times and Nations, 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* plain; or coloured, 2*s.*—The Gipsies, their Origin, Continuance, and Destination, by S. Roberts, 4th edition, 12mo. 5*s.*—Practical Observations on the Teeth and Gums, by T. L. Levison, 2d edition, 12mo. 3*s.*—The Soldier's Library, 12mo. 6*s.* cloth—Stable Economy, a Treatise on the Management of Horses, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth—Outward-Bound; or, a Merchant's Adventures, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Piers de Gaveston, by E. E. C., 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.*—Lectures on the Criticism and Interpretation of the Bible, by H. Marsh, D.D., 8vo. 14*s.*—British Colonization and Coloured Tribes, by J. Bannister, 12mo. 5*s.*—Library of Useful Knowledge: British Handwriting, Vol. II., 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Mathematical Treatises, by Rev. John West, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Simpson's Ecclesiastical History, 12mo. 9*s.*—Child's Easy Drawing-Book, cloth, oblong 8vo. 1*s.*—On the Statutes of the Cities of Italy, by George Bowyer, 8vo. 7*s.*—Union; or, the Divided Church made One, by the Rev. J. Harris, post 8vo. 7*s.*—Early Life of Bishop Hobart, by Dr. M. Vear, 8vo. 1*s.*—Bennett's Carpenter and Joiner's Pocket Director, 12mo. 4*s.*—Lawson's Sermons, Second Series, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Hogarth's Musical History, 2d edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Baile on the Nature and Dignity of Christ, 2d edition, 8vo. 5*s.*—The Wonders of Geology, by G. Mantell, 2 vols. fcap 8vo. 5*s.*—The Philosophy of Language, by W. Cramp, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Life of Sir W. Scott, Vol. VII. completing the Work, post 8vo. 12*s.*—The Family Library, Vol. LXV., Life of Gustavus Adolphus, by J. F. Hollings, 12mo. 5*s.*—The Rev. H. H. Milman's Edition of Gibbon's Rome, Vol. I., 8vo. 9*s.*—Bishop of Chester's Exposition of the Acts, 8vo. 9*s.*; or, 2 vols. 12mo. 9*s.*—Thistlewaite's Sermons on the Pentateuch, Vols. II. and III., 12mo. 12*s.*—Rufus; or, the Red King, a Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. Dr. Parsons's Plain Parochial Sermons, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. T. H. Newman's Lectures on Justification, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Law of Wills, by George Sweet, with an Appendix, 12mo. 6*s.*—The Child's Fairy Library, Fourth Series, square, 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 15	From 40 to 48	29.67 to 29.67
Friday .. 16	... 23 to 50	29.65 to 29.62
Saturday .. 17	... 30 to 45	29.45 to 29.44
Sunday .. 18	... 30 to 47	29.45 to 29.49
Monday .. 19	... 33 to 49	29.57 to 29.58
Tuesday .. 20	... 38 to 50	29.23 to 29.26
Wednesday 21	... 29 to 44	29.34 to 29.40
Thursday .. 22	... 26 to 46	29.45 to 29.50
Friday .. 23	... 24 to 41	29.55 to 29.53
Saturday .. 24	... 30 to 46	29.50 to 29.49
Sunday .. 25	... 29 to 51	29.72 to 29.68
Monday .. 26	... 20 to 53	30.04 to 30.10
Tuesday .. 27	... 24 to 56	30.21 to 30.31
Wednesday 28	... 28 to 57	30.41 to 30.44

Winds, S.W., N.W., and N.E., S.W. prevailing. Except the 15th, 19th, 22d, and 23d, generally clear, with frequent showers of rain; hail on the 21st, and snow on the 23d.

A beautiful Aurora Borealis on the evening of the 17th, extending from North to North-west; and several Meteors fell during the evening.

Rain fallen, 1.375 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude 0 35' 1" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the late period at which we have received many novelties this week, prevents our review of them, without displacing publications of prior claim. "The Robbers," by the author of "Richelieu," &c., cannot, therefore, be plundered till next week; a laugh with Jorrocks must be (unwillingly) deferred: the conclusion of Scott's "Memoirs" cannot be concluded: Hood is doomed to be a night-cap for awhile; and, indeed, there is a very considerable "Thief of Time" enforced upon us.

The subject of copyrights is intended for speedy notice. ERRATUM.—By an accident, hardly explicable, except in a printing-office, in making up a Paper, a paragraph intended to serve the *Printers' Pension Society* in our last, was headed, "Covent Garden Fund."

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The Duke of Norfolk	The Duke of Buccleuch
The Duke of Richmond	The Duke of Sutherland
The Duke of Beaufort	The Duke of Newcastle
The Duke of Leeds	The Duke of Gordon
The Duke of Bedford	The Duke of Argyll
The Duke of Devonshire	The Duke of Montrose
The Duke of Hamilton	The Duke of Dorset

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